

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 510.

STANFORD, KY., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1884.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER 227.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON.

Published Tuesdays and Fridays,

\$2.00 PER ANNUM

When paid strictly in advance. If we have to wait any time, \$2.50 will be charged.

Superstitions About Precious Stones.

Cornhill Magazine in an article on the above subject concludes that the superstition that yet lingers about the precious stones represents, happily, a fast diminishing quantity. Who would think now says the writer, of attributing to each stone a special influence over each month, and wearing, therefore, the sapphire in April, the emerald in May, and so forth? Yet our ancestors did this, and even appropriated to twelve kinds of stones the twelve signs of the zodiac and the twelve apostles. Perhaps there was some pious intent in making the jewel the symbol of St. Peter, the chrysolite of St. Matthew, or the uncertain beryl of the disbelieving St. Thomas; but the modern spirit needs not these reminders, and their value at any time must have been very doubtful. But, smile as we may at the superstition that ruled in bygone times with regard to precious stones we have to admit that it was not altogether without its brighter side. In the dark ages, for instance, it can have been no mean happiness to possess gems which, like the diamond and amethyst, reduced war to a safe and pleasant pastime. What charm have we wherewith to face the perils and misfortunes of life comparable to the faith in their talisman which supported our ancestors? Who that remembers the agitations of a law suit and the nervous reliance placed in his solicitor, but might regret the faith which in a previous age and similar plight he might have felt in a morsel of chalcidony?

Science, moreover, in many cases leaves no compensation for the belief she dispels. It was no trifling alleviation of the peasant's lot that he might hope any day to find a rich jewel left by a snake in the grass, or vast treasures hidden in a mountain.

This hope is now gone, or going, from him, and perhaps few living Cornish peasants now look for the blue stone ring which their ancestors attributed to the action of snakes breathing upon hazel.

Who now that drinks the refreshing Vouvray wine from Vouvray, in France, would ever think that the name of both wine and place had come from an old local belief in a dragon or viper (souivre) that possessed a single eye, or carbuncle, which it laid aside on the ground, and which, if discovered, would lead its finder to immeasurable riches?

Health Hints.

The best way to deal with a cold is to avoid it.

Never pick a blister with a pin. It rusts the pin.

Vinegar and red pepper will make a well throat sore and a sore throat well.

Corns can be cured by refraining from wearing shoes three sizes too small.

When you have indigestion never attribute it to your appetite. Blame the cook.

The tendency to sleep too soundly can be overcome by having hot soda biscuit for supper.

A little arsenic carefully used will, in time, entirely clear a neighborhood of rats, mice and amateur plate players.

Never wash in warm water before going out in the cold air. It takes all the dirt off and leaves the skin exposed to the cold.

Nothing is more dangerous than to walk about with bare feet in the morning. If there are fires to be started let your wife attend to them.

Coarse brown paper soaked in vinegar and placed on the forehead is good for a sick headache. See that there is a supply of brown paper and vinegar in the house before going to the lodge on initiation night.

Nothing is of so much benefit to the general health as good humor. Take a cheerful view of life, hope for the best, remember that there is not one chance in a million of your worst fears on any subject being realized, and never miss a chance for a good laugh. This prescription may also be of benefit: Aqua pura, one part; Weekly Call, three parts. Take separately. —[Philadelphia Call.]

Dave Walker, of Anderson's Store, was one of the best North Carolina soldiers that Lee had. Dave was in Richmond some time since and sitting at night in the St. James Hotel he heard a man with a cocked hat on talking everybody nearly to death about the war. He said he had been a Colonel. Finally he drew his seat up to Dave and asked him if he was in the war. Dave said: "Yes, I was there." "What position did you hold?" "None, sir," said Dave. "I reckon I'm the loneliest man in the world." "Ah, why so?" asked the Colonel. "Why," said Dave, "I was a private during the war, and I'm the only one I have ever seen since." —[Raleigh News and Observer.]

Fourteen young men of Des Moines formed an orchestra. Ten of them are dead, and the survivors, convinced that some fatality is following the organization, have repented and joined a church.

Ball at Crab Orchard Springs.

A pleasant feature in the list of Crab Orchard's winter gayeties was the impromptu ball held Wednesday night in the parlor of the Springs Hotel. It was participated in by about twenty-five couples embracing numbers of our prettiest young ladies and most gallant of beaux. The following list will give some idea of the select character of the assemblage, and the costumes worn by both the ladies and gentlemen:

Miss Jael Redd, black satin, Spanish lace and gold ornaments; Miss Hettie Ferrel, Stanford, green cashmere and velvet, gold and amethyst; Miss Annie Buchanan, black embossed velvet and diamonds. This lady was "Riley" one of the best dancers on the floor. Miss Lida Edmiston, black satin and oyster stone; Miss Beauregard Stuart, blue velvet and pearls; Miss Jean Buchanan, terra cotta cashmere and plush, pearls; Miss Annie Holmes, blue cashmere and gold; Miss Susie Buchanan, ox blood nuns' veiling and diamonds; Miss Leila Doores, peacock blue satin, cashmere, gold and amethyst; Miss Annie Dillion, crimson cashmere and gold; Miss Maggie Buchanan, brown silk and amethyst; Miss Lura Doores, cardinal cashmere, plush and amethyst bespattered with pearls; Miss Mary Hansford, green silk, cashmere and cameo; Miss Ella Doores, electric blue satin, rubies and diamonds commingled; Miss Katie Douglas, black cashmere and plush, gold; Miss Jennie Kennedy, plum cashmere, velvet, emeralds and sapphires; Miss Sallie Fish, ox blood cashmere and plush, pearls; Miss Annie Stuart, blue cashmere and velvet, gold; Miss Eva Buchanan, navy blue nuns veiling and gold; Mrs. Kenner Harris, cardinal cashmere and gold; Mrs. W. G. Edmiston, cashmere and satin; Mrs. Judge Hansford, black silk and cashmere.

The costumes of the gentlemen were rich and Oriental in their splendor but I have time only to mention a few of the most pronounced.

John A. Haltemann, strawberry-blonde, white hippopotamus skin slippers, ingots; Jas. C. King, green knee breeches, no stockings, real skin cap and very attractive white ornaments; Henry Green, out and out Buffalo Bill costume, buck-horn ornaments; Albert Turner, Lawrenceburg, heavy mustache with no trimmings; M. O'Brien, embroidered cotton socks, electric ornaments; Robt. Collier, King Henry IV. costume, a "four masher" with "Redd" face. James Roberts, Statesville, one clean collar, cuff-trimmed likewise; Soubrette Cook, Epom pants, gaudy and crushing; M. J. Harris, Knickerbocker breeches, Linburger colored cravat. Dr. E. T. Stephenson, white duduete hat, deep and ungovernable mustache badly trimmed. Kenner Harris, Seymour round about with Irish gray rooster trimmings, gaff ornaments; Geo. H. King, mourning suit, ornaments, the Last Rose of Summer; Murray Jones had been by acclamation assigned the position of floor manager. He, however, failed to put in appearance. A committee of investigation found that he had been properly shaven Wednesday morning by a barber specially ordered from Louisville; but the New York boot-black, also specially ordered, failed to make connection, owing to the flood, which spoiled all calculations and so mortified Mr. Jones that he departed on the evening train for "Evans"-ville.

English Cure for Drunkenness.

There is a prescription in use in England for the cure of drunkenness, by which thousands are said to have been assisted in recovering themselves. The receipt came into notoriety through the efforts of John Vine Hall, commander of the Great Eastern steamship. He had fallen into such habitual drunkenness, that the most earnest efforts to reclaim himself proved unavailing. At length he sought the advice of an eminent physician, who gave him a prescription which he followed faithfully for seven months, and at the end of that time he had lost all desire for liquor, although he had for many years been led captive by a most debasing appetite. The receipt which he afterwards published and by which so many other drunkards have been assisted to reform, is as follows: Sulphate of iron, five grains; peppermint water, eleven drachms; spirit of nutmeg, one drachm; twice a day. This preparation acts as a tonic and stimulant, and so partially supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration that follows a sudden breaking off from the use of stimulating drinks.

THE WIFE'S WELCOME.—A well known clergyman in the north of England entertained recently a brother clergyman from some distance. The evening being unpropitious, he asked him to remain for the night. At dusk the clergyman asked his guest to step into the manse while he gave orders to have his conveyance ready in the morning. As the visitor entered the manse the clergyman's wife mistook him in the dusk for her husband, and, seizing the pulpit Bible which was on the lobby table, brought the full weight of it across his shoulders, exclaiming emphatically, "Take that for asking the ugly wretch to stay all night."

Women with pale, colorless faces, who feel weak and discouraged, will receive both mental and bodily vigor by using Carter's Iron Pills, which are made for the blood, nerves and complexion.

Rip Van Winkle.

Washington Irving never gave to the world of letters a more beautiful thing than "Rip Van Winkle." Irving has long since passed into the land of spirits, but the story lives and deserves to be dramatized. The story is never inspired. It begins in the Hudson Valley, famous in poetry and history. The Catskill mountains are the background, and Rip Van Winkle is handed down to us in marital lineage as the hero. He was beloved of the village wives and children, but a jealous wife could not see his virtues, and like many a man, before and since, failing to receive kind words at home, drowned his troubles in the flowing bowl. Among the many untrue, Schreier, his dog, was true; he didn't scold—an odd bone and the companionship of his master was all he asked. It was natural that when Rip Van Winkle wandered off into the mountains that Schneider should follow him. Whether they found odd fairies at nine-pins, or whether it was Holland G. G. does not detract from the story. Rip drank the mixture, as indeed he was addicted to drinking anything above the suspicion of water. He slept, the story says, for twenty years. In that sleep, he had outlived his dog, his gun had grown old and rusty, and he had also outlived the woman who had driven him out into the storm. To attempt to change the plot is to mar it; therefore is Joseph Jefferson a mar plot. As he plays it, Rip finds, on his return, his wife wedded to the man who caused his trouble. Robert McWade plays "Rip Van Winkle" to life. Where he has appeared, he has so ably represented the story that Jefferson has suffered by comparison. —[Exchange]

Heroism of a Mother.

No more pathetic story has come from the scene of the wreck of the City of Columbus than that told by Mr. Tibbette of the wife who begged her husband to save himself if he could, as there was no chance for them both, so that he might care for their four children. It was an instance of rare heroism, in which the love of the wife and the mother overcame all love of life, and all mere animal clinging to life, which is stronger usually than the intelligent desire to live. So, in the wild rush of the panic stricken people, at a time when calm decision is a quality most rare, she weighed the chances and saw that life for her husband meant a happier life for her children than if she were saved. But stern fate had no pity on her devotion and heroism. The waves swept her off the vessel and swallowed her up and, after enduring the agonies of the cold and exertion in the rigging, she went down to join her in her ocean grave. —[Boston Globe.]

HOW TO BEGIN HOUSEKEEPING.—"You say you want to marry my daughter?" "Yes, sir." "Are you prepared to give her a pleasant home and the luxuries to which she has always been accustomed?" "I don't believe I am, sir; I only get seven dollars a week." "Yes. Well, do you know that young women nowadays expect to begin housekeeping in the same style their parents leave off?" "Oh, yes; I know all about that." "You do. Well, how can you reconcile seven dollars a week with my surroundings?" "I—I thought," responded the intelligent young man, while his face beamed with love and hope, "that we could live right along with you, you know, until the time came for you to leave off, and then the matter would—would sort of regulate itself, you know." —[Philadelphia Call.]

He was smoking a fine, full-flavored Havana when he met his friend. "Have a cigar?" he inquired politely. "Thanks," said the other gratefully, taking and lighting the proffered weed. After a few experimental puffs, however, the friend removed the cigar from his lips, and looking at it doubtfully, said, with a very marked abatement of gratitude in his tone: "What do you pay for these cigars?" "Two for a quarter," replied the original proprietor of both weeds, taking his own cigar out of his mouth and looking at it with considerable satisfaction. "This cost me twenty cents and that five."

The conversation languished at this point. —[Puck]

Next to courtesy and civility in business nothing pays better than nice offices and pleasant, cheerful rooms in which to do business. Dirt, dust and discomfort are not necessary adjuncts of good, thriving business. A man will do better work, and more work; be a better man, more honest in clean, well-furnished, pleasant offices than in the reverse. Dirt and dishonesty are very apt to be connected, and discomfort and defilement will go together. Many a concern fails in business because of the carelessness and inattention induced by slovenliness in the business offices. —[The Artisan.]

OLD BILLS.—"Two hundred and twenty seven bills were introduced into Congress the first day session." "Just think of it!" remarked Mrs. Simple; "isn't it ridiculous? These Congressmen have salaries big enough, I should think, to pay as they go. Two hundred and twenty-seven bills! For things they got last year, of course. For my part, I think it's positively scandalous." —[Boston Transcript.]

In anger flew her agile jaws, and sweet words darted from her tongue; the maid was fighting mad, because she couldn't make her bangs stay bung.

Circus-Loving Clergymen.

A story is told by a Toledo West End preacher on a brother minister that will bear repeating. Recently a circus was in the city and the ministerial curiosity was so awakened that the outside view of the stretch of canvas would not suffice. The minister had compunctions of conscience against the gratification of what he fancied might be a questionable desire. However, his liberality of belief would permit of the children going and of their seeing all that was to be seen, provided they had a good-sized masculine protector with them. But unfortunately for him he had no children, and was therefore—to use an unorthodox expression—"in a hole." Finally he hit upon a plan. He went to the preacher and tried to borrow his five-year-old boy as a companion to the circus. But it wouldn't work, the preacher remarking, "I've waited a long time for my boy to get big enough to go to circuses and now I want to use him myself." —[Toledo Blade.]

A lady, whose supply of pin-money was about exhausted, was looking at some dress goods in a certain store.

"My husband has an account here, has he not?" she asked as a feeler, preparatory to making a purchase.

"Yes," said the merchant. "He has an old account which has been here for five years."

Upon closer examination the lady found that the goods were not the exact shade of color she wanted. —[Ex.]

Now that poor Keifer is headed down hill, all his former friends seem disposed to accelerate his movements by placing their feet under his coat tail. We are not prepared to say, however, that a man who is so contemptibly mean as to have his boots shined at the expense of the government is deserving of a better fate.

The Legislature of Virginia is destroying the temple of Mahone's political power—stone by stone. It has just passed an act taking the appointment of election officers out of the hands of his allies the county judges. Nine-tenths of these magistrates are the creatures of boss: When any jugglery with the ballot boxes was necessary they furnished the jugglers. —[Exchange]

The worst cut-up man of the hour is that Western reporter who, in describing the appearance of the balls of the town, at a local picnic, intended to say that she looked on *fat*, but, of course the types had to get it "all feet."

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Feb. 19, 84. U

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